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Little Folks

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THE CHILDREN'S MAGAZINE

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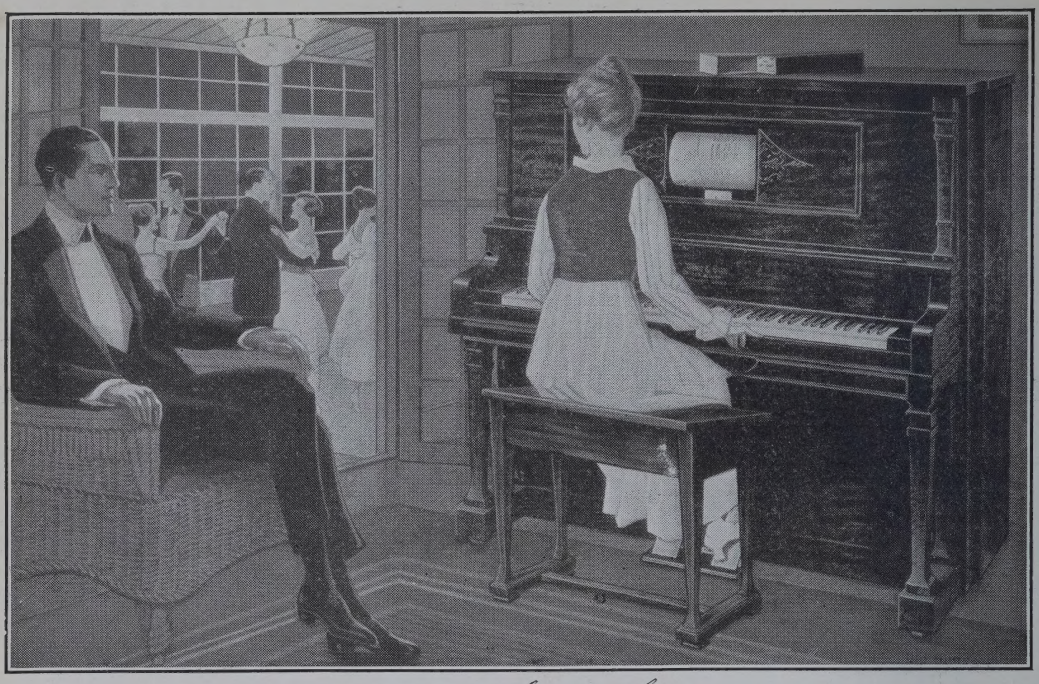

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LITTLE FOLKS

THE CHILDREN'S MAGAZINE

The April Number

How the Forest People Had a Circus — **Daisy D. Plympton**

Many Little Folks readers know the story of "The Summer Elf Who Stayed Over Winter" and will be happy to know more about his doings, although it is so many years since Miss Plympton wrote the first story that many parents read it in Little Folks when they were children and have since read it to their own children in book form. The Summer Elf and the Three Little Bears and other Children of the Happy Forest give a most fascinating and funny circus, to which they invite Bobbin and a new little girl child.

Sitka, the Snow Baby — **Allen Chaffee**

"Reindeer and Other Things" is the title of the April chapter. It tells how the Polar Baby and his great mother came across a herd of beautiful reindeer and of a funny accident to Sitka.

The Cat Whose Whiskers Slipped — **Ruth Campbell**

Parents enjoy these funny stories by Mrs. Campbell almost as much as the children—and the stories are truly as humorous as the titles.

Mary Beatrice Visits China — **G. S. Bowman**

A little American Girl, whose father was a silk merchant, went to China with her parents. Mary Beatrice was so astonished at the strange things she saw in China! The story tells of some of the most interesting and different ones.

Queen Bee's Crown — **Margaret Johnson**

Trixie and Bobby Bee come across Jenny Gillyflower and she and Mr. Swift help in the search for the lost crown of Queen Bee. This picture story is, of course, primarily for children too young to read. But many grown-ups and even college boys and girls have fun naming the pictures.

Constance and the Twins — **Winifred Stowitz Paddock**

The twins decide to increase their vo-cab-u-la-ry, and so they "join the library." This chapter is all about a book that they brought home. You will want to read it, too, no matter what your age.

Something for Boys and Girls to Do — **Alice M. Hazard**

A fascinating toy to make at home or in school. Miss Hazard, the designer, is a popular teacher of boys and girls and she has planned a series of toys which are to be made with paper, paste and crayons. Be sure to show them to your teacher. She'll be glad to know about them for "Occupational Hours."

The Paper Doll — **Margherita C. Forbes**

The people of the second grade are all to appear as paper dolls. In the April magazine you will find Dolly Parker, and her Easter Bunny.

Playroom Cooks

Roger and Jean and Ruth give an April Fool Party; much fun—and so easy!

BESIDES ALL THESE there are the usual Pictures to be Colored for your picture book, Picture to Make of Colored Paper, Dot Puzzle, Something to Guess, Letters from Far-a-way, Requests for Letters from boys and girls who want new friends.

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THE MARCH WIND

By Marguerite McKie Brash

The wind of March is here again,
With a buff and a puff and a heigh-o
It pounces down between gusts of rain,
With a huff and a puff and heigh-o.
It behaves quite like a naughty boy
Who thinks the world is only his toy]
Who blusters and whistles just for joy,
With a huff and a puff and heigh-o.

But what do we care for its wintry blast,
For its huff and its puff and its heigh-o?
Deep down in our hearts we know it can't last,
With its huff and puff and heigh-o.
For March knows well that springtime is near,
And when all the birds and the blossoms are here
It must quiet right down and in haste disappear,
With its huff and its puff and heigh-o.

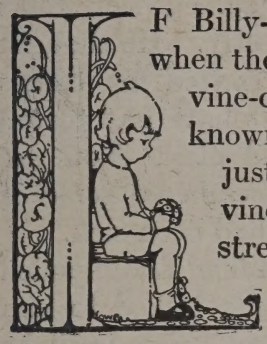
BILLY-BOY SAW THE DOCTOR'S AUTO STOP IN FRONT OF THE LITTLE VINE-COVERED BUNGALOW

LITTLE FOLKS
THE CHILDREN'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XXVI MARCH, 1923 NO. 5

BILLY-BOY, KIDNAPPER

By Jane Adams Parker



IF Billy-Boy hadn't been swinging on the gate when the doctor's auto stopped in front of the little vine-covered bungalow, he might never have known his Smiling Lady. For Billy-Boy was just four and a half, and although the little vine-covered bungalow was directly across the street from his own house, he would never have been bold enough to go over to ring the bell.

Now Billy-Boy's mother kept a garden full of the most "buful" flowers, just for sick folks. So Billy-Boy's first thought, when he saw the doctor's auto, was to run and pick a great big bunch of the loveliest flowers he could find. When his little hands were so full they just couldn't hold any more, he went back to sit on the curb-stone and wait for the doctor to come out again.

Now Doctor Moore had known Billy-Boy ever since he was a wee roly-poly baby and he knew that sometimes something besides sugar pills help to make sick folks well. So when Billy-Boy ran across the street to ask him if he might take the flowers to the sick folks, whoever they might be, Doctor Moore looked down into his little upturned face and patted his shoulder with his big kind hand.

"Indeed you may, Billy-Boy," he said. "Just give a soft little ting to the bell. And when the housekeeper comes to the door tell her I sent you over instead of a bottle of tonic."

Billy-Boy's heart was thumping like a little trip-hammer as he went up the steps and timidly pushed the electric button.

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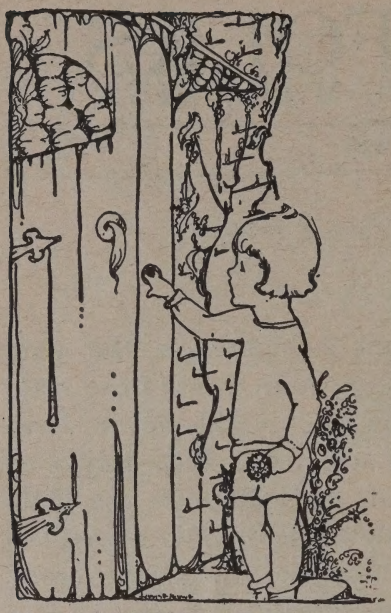


HE TIMIDLY PUSHED THE ELECTRIC BUTTON

Indeed it didn't stop thumping until after he had given the sick folks the flowers and she had taken his warm little hand in both of her cool ones and told him to be seated.

Billy-Boy looked at her a moment and blinked his eyes. He never imagined sick folks smiled so sweetly. He thought they usually fretted for things they shouldn't have and teased to get up and play. You see Billy-Boy remembered some of the times he had been sick.

But the Smiling Lady smiled all the time she talked to him in her low sweet voice, until he just couldn't feel timid any more. By the time he had stood up to go home they had become quite well acquainted.

"Come here, Billy-Boy," said the Smiling Lady, as the little fellow waited a moment, not knowing just how to say Good-bye. "I want to tell you a secret. It must be just your secret and mine, Billy-Boy."

Billy-Boy obediently crossed to the bed and bent quite low so he wouldn't lose one word. It was well that he did, for when the whisper came it was very, very low.

"Do you know that once I had a little Billy-Boy? He wasn't quite as large as you, but he was my Billy-Boy just the same. He had little curls all over the top of his head just like yours, and he used to put two chubby arms around my neck and kiss me when he went out to play."

Around the Smiling Lady's neck went Billy-Boy's little arms as he planted a great big kiss on the soft cheek. "Then I'll come over every day and make believe I'm your own Billy-Boy come back. Then you won't feel lonesome any more," said Billy-Boy.

And true to his promise Billy-Boy came over every day to play 'make believe,' until the Smiling Lady was quite well again and able to take long walks with him and play tea-party out in the grape-arbor.

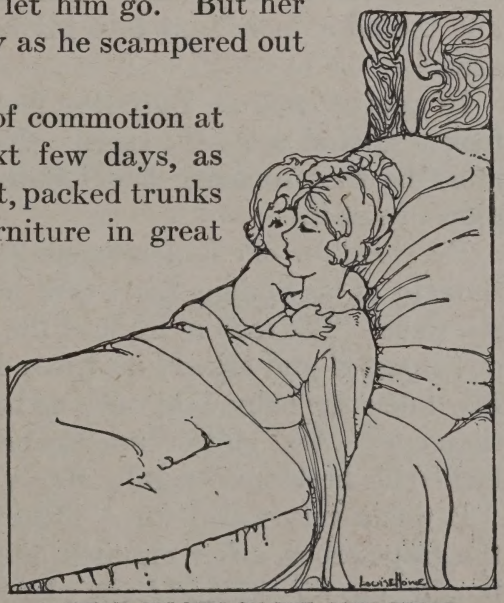
Then, one day, something happened. It was when the holly-hocks were all dressed in their prettiest and stood peeping their frilly lace caps over the fence, that Billy-Boy ran into the grape-arbor all out of breath. "Oh, Smiling Lady, what do you think! Daddy's just written a long letter and we are going to move far, far away and I can't be your 'make believe' Billy-Boy any more."

The Smiling Lady looked very sad and drew Billy-Boy down on the bench beside her, trying hard to smile as she patted his curly head. "And what will I do without my 'make believe' Billy-Boy?" she said with a queer twisted little droop to the corners of her mouth.

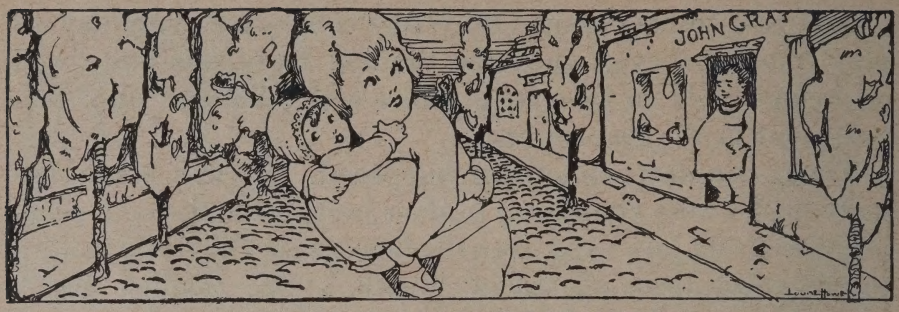
Billy-Boy thought a long moment, then up came his head, "Why, I'll just find you another Billy-Boy," he laughed brightly.

Then the Smiling Lady had to smile again and give him a great bear hug before she let him go. But her eyes followed him wistfully as he scampered out of the gate.

There was a great deal of commotion at Billy-Boy's house the next few days, as strange men came and went, packed trunks and stowed away the furniture in great queer-looking boxes. But, even though Billy-Boy enjoyed every minute of it, he didn't let a day go by without seeing his Smiling Lady. And all through the noise of hammering and pounding the one promise he had made her kept ring-



A GREAT, BIG KISS ON THE SOFT CHEEK



BILLY-BOY WENT ON FASTER THAN EVER

ing in his ears. He must find his Smiling Lady another 'make believe' Billy-Boy to take his place when he was gone.

Then, one day, his chance came. It was just as he had come out of the grocery-store that a baby's lonely wail caught his ear. Of course he hadn't seen the thoughtless nurse-girl leave the buggy as she had gone into the bakery; neither had he seen the wind take the buggy off down the street. What he did see was the baby-buggy and in it the crying baby. In a minute Billy-Boy was peeping under the hood. There was the darlingest baby just crying his precious eyes out with no one to come and love him. Billy-Boy pushed back the hood and the baby looked up into his face and held up two tiny arms.

In another minute Billy-Boy had the baby in his arms. He looked up and down the street. No, no one was in sight. It must be that someone had left the baby there because they didn't want it.

He stood for one long moment looking around. Then the thought of his Smiling Lady sent his feet scurrying off down the street. The man in front of the butcher-shop called to him as he passed and asked him where he was going. But Billy-Boy knew the baby didn't belong to him, so on he went faster than ever. And all the time the baby gurgled and cooed and kicked his heels against Billy-Boy's sides as he ran.

It was a very warm, tired little Billy-Boy that burst into the grape-arbor, a few minutes later, and dumped his heavy bundle into the Smiling Lady's lap.

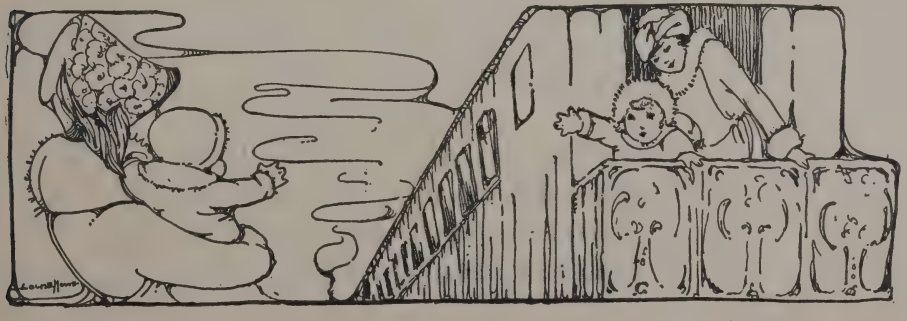
"There, I found him!" he exclaimed, all out of breath. "It's your new 'make believe' Billy-Boy. I found him on the corner without anyone to love him when he cries."

The Smiling Lady couldn't believe her eyes. She straightened the baby's clothes and asked Billy-Boy all sorts of questions. Where did he find him and how did he know that no one loved him? And lots of others that Billy-Boy had never stopped to think about.

Just as he was trying his best to explain, a little crowd of mothers, a few straggling children and the police-man came in at the gate followed by a sobbing nurse-girl dragging the forsaken baby-buggy behind her. There were words of explanation, tears and laughter as the mother hugged her lost baby close. Then finally they were all gone again and Billy-Boy and his Smiling Lady left alone once more.

"Never mind, dear," she said with one arm tight around the sobbing Billy-Boy. "You have put a happy thought into my head. It's just this, Billy-Boy: there are some poor little Billy-Boys that really have no one to love them. And if your mother will let you, we will go over to the children's home tomorrow, just you and I, Billy-boy, and find another Billy-Boy for me to love when you are far, far away."

When the long Pullman steamed its way out of the depot a few days later, bearing Billy-Boy and his mother to his new home far-a-way, the Smiling Lady wasn't alone on the platform to bid her Billy-Boy good-bye, for another chubby little Billy-Boy snuggled his baby face against her neck and waved one dimpled hand at the out-going train.



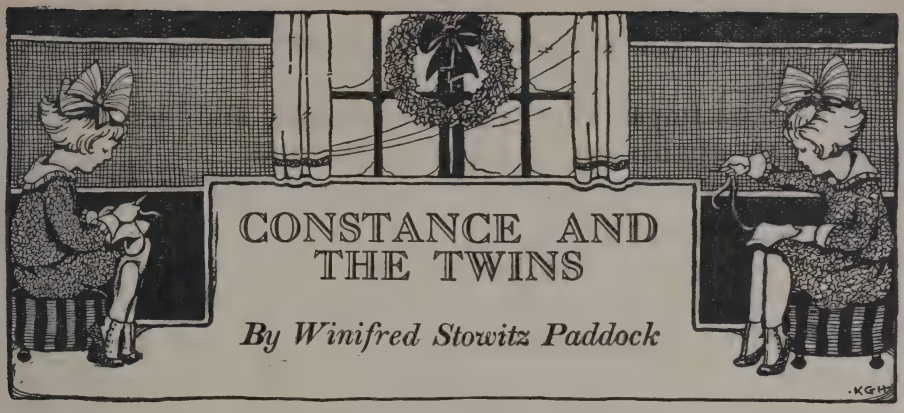
AT SUPPER-TIME

By Marguerite McKie Brash

Upon the table where we eat
Before we go to bed,
Nursie puts a pretty cloth
All checked in white and red.

She lifts us high up in our chairs,
And ties our bibs on tight,
Then brings the bowls of bread and milk
We always have at night.

I know most folks like other things,
But when I'm tired from play
I think that bowl of bread and milk
The best part of the day!



CHAPTER V. — CHRISTMAS

IT was clear and cold and the afternoon before Christmas. The twins had played outside until their hands and feet were cold and now they were sitting by the nursery window. They each had a piece of pink silk and a long blue thread, and they were sewing.

"What's yours going to be?" asked Jean.

Jane turned hers around and looked at it carefully before she could decide. "I think it's a hat for my dollie," she said. "What's yours?"

"Mine's a pin-cushion for Mother. It's a Christmas present," Jean answered promptly.

Jane looked doubtful for a minute. She hadn't thought of anything so nice as making a Christmas present for Mother.

"Well, mine's a pin-cushion for Mother, too," she said.

"No, it isn't," said Jean, "mine is." And her voice sounded pretty cross.

"I guess I can make a pin-cushion for Mother if I want to," said Jane, and she stamped her foot and her voice was very cross, indeed. You never would have guessed if you had seen the twins that it was the afternoon before Christmas.

"Little girls! Little girls!" Mother called from her room.

Jane stood and looked cross at Jean though she didn't say anything. I hardly know what might have happened then if Constance hadn't come home just at that minute. She had been out skating.

"Mother! Jean and Jane!" Constance called from the lower hall.

The twins forgot all about their quarrel and ran downstairs. Constance was all rosy from the cold.

"You didn't hang up the stockings yet, did you?" asked Constance anxiously.

"No, not yet," said both the twins.

Mother came down stairs, too. "Get them all ready," she said, "while I get the twins' supper. Then you can put them up as soon as Grandmother and Aunt Ruth and Father get here."

Constance and the twins flew up stairs. Each one found a stocking of her own; Constance had a tan one and each of the twins had a white one. Then they had to hunt for one of father's big socks and one of mother's long stockings. They decided to borrow one of mother's stockings for Grandmother and Aunt Ruth, because just as likely as not they wouldn't think about bringing stockings to hang up. The children couldn't think what kind of a stocking to get for Miss Puff-ball. Finally Jane found a white sock that she used to wear last summer and they decided that it would do. They ran into the kitchen and told Flora that she must get a stocking, so she went up stairs for one of hers. Then each little girl had to find a stocking for her doll.

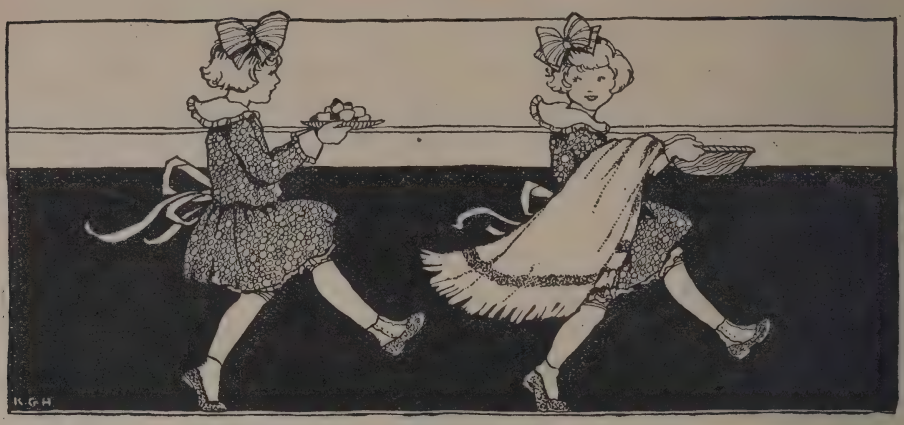
While Jean and Jane ate their supper, Mother wrote each one's name on a card and Constance pinned the right card to each stocking so that Santa Claus could not possibly get mixed up.

Then Grandmother and Aunt Ruth and Father came. Mother and the little girls heard them coming up the walk and they ran out into the hall, the twins with their bibs still on. Constance and the twins hugged Grandmother and Aunt Ruth. They hardly gave Father time to take off his coat.

"Come and hang up the stockings, Father dear," they said.

There were little holes under the edge of the dining room mantel where Father had driven tacks last Christmas. He was going to hang the stockings in the same places, but when

CONSTANCE HAD BEEN SKATING



REFRESHMENTS AND A WASH BASIN FOR SANTA

he saw the pile of stockings he said, "How our family is growing!"

"We were only *little* girls last Christmas," said Jean, "so we didn't know about hanging up stockings for Miss Puff-ball and the dollies."

Everyone laughed at that.

Pretty soon Father had the row of stockings all hung up. It looked very nice.

"Now we must get some water so Santa Claus can wash his hands," said Jane.

"Why must old Santa wash his hands?" asked Grandmother.

"Oh, we think he must get them dirty when he comes down the chimney," the little girls explained.

So Flora gave them a basin with some water in it and they put it on a chair by the fire. They got some soap and a nice clean towel from the library closet.

"Now suppose he should be hungry, "Constance suggested.

Mother laughed and went out into the pantry. Pretty soon she came back with some bread and butter and little cakes on a plate and set them on the mantel above the stockings.

Mother said that the twins must come to bed. She said that perhaps when they were all ready for bed there might be a surprise.

EVERYTHING READY

When Jean and Jane were washed and had on their little white nightgowns, Mother told them to put on their warm bathrobes and slippers. Then she led them into the up-stairs sitting room. There was the Christmas tree. Father was lighting the little colored candles and Grandmother and Aunt Ruth and Constance were watching him.

"Oh! oh! oh!" said Jane.

Jean didn't say a word but just stood with big eyes and looked at the lovely shining tree. It was covered with bright colored balls and glittering strings of tinsel and strings of pop corn. The little candles winked and shone as Father lighted them.

When they were all lighted Father took Jean on his lap and Mother held Jane. Mother began to sing softly:

I saw three ships go sailing by,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day.
I saw three ships go sailing by,
On Christmas day in the morning.

And everyone, even the twins, sang with her. Then they sang:

Silent night, holy night,
All is calm, all is bright,
Round yon virgin, mother and child,
Holy infant so tender and mild,
Rest in heavenly peace,
Rest in heavenly peace.

And as they sang and watched the gleaming candles, everyone, both big folks and little folks, was thinking of the dear story of the tiny Christ child who lay in the manger on Christmas day so very long ago.

"Now we must put out the candles," Mother said, "so there will be enough left to light tomorrow night."

"And remember," she said, "no one is to go down-stairs tomorrow morning until she is washed and dressed."

In the grey light of Christmas morning, three little girls with fast-beating hearts flew into their clothes. Constance helped with the twins' buttons and she washed them very rapidly with a wet wash cloth. Mother and Father heard them, and early as it was, they dressed too. It was pretty hard to wait for them. The little girls tried to peep through the banisters and see into the dining-room.

They all went down-stairs together. In the dining-room they stood still just a minute.

"He's been here," Constance shouted. "Santa Claus has been here!" How he ever brought a big doll house and two doll's beds with dolls asleep in them and ever and ever so many other things down the chimney, I can't guess. But there they were.

THERE WAS THE CHRISTMAS TREE

"And he washed his hands here," said Constance. Sure enough the water in the basin was soapy and the towel had been used. For a minute the little girls forgot the toys and stood on tiptoe to look at the plate that Mother had put on the mantel.

"He's eaten all the

cakes but one," they said all together. Then Constance was on her knees looking at the doll house and the little girls had found the cribs with the dolls in them.

Grandmother and Aunt Ruth came down stairs wishing "Merry Christmas, Merry Christmas," to everyone.

The stockings were taken down. What presents there were! There were presents for Flora and Miss Puff-ball and the dolls and everyone. Miss Puff-ball wouldn't come and look at hers.

When Flora rang the breakfast bell Jane did not come. "Jane, Jane," called Mother in the hall.

She ran up-stairs and there she found Jane sitting on the nursery floor with all her toys about her. She was spreading the covers on the little crib. Mother caught her up in her arms and ran down-stairs laughing.

"Here's a little girl who is too happy to eat breakfast," she said.

"Oh, Mother!" cried Jane. I wish Christmas lasted all the year."

"Yes," said Mother. "It would be fine to be as happy every day. Let's try!" "There's lots of Christmas left yet, isn't there?" asked Jane as Mother put her into her high chair.

"Lots," said Father. "There's Christmas dinner yet and nearly the whole day left."

"Turkey and plum-pudding," added Constance.

"Oh," sighed Jane as Mother tied on her bib and stooped to kiss the top of her head, "I want Christmas to last a million years."

(To be continued)

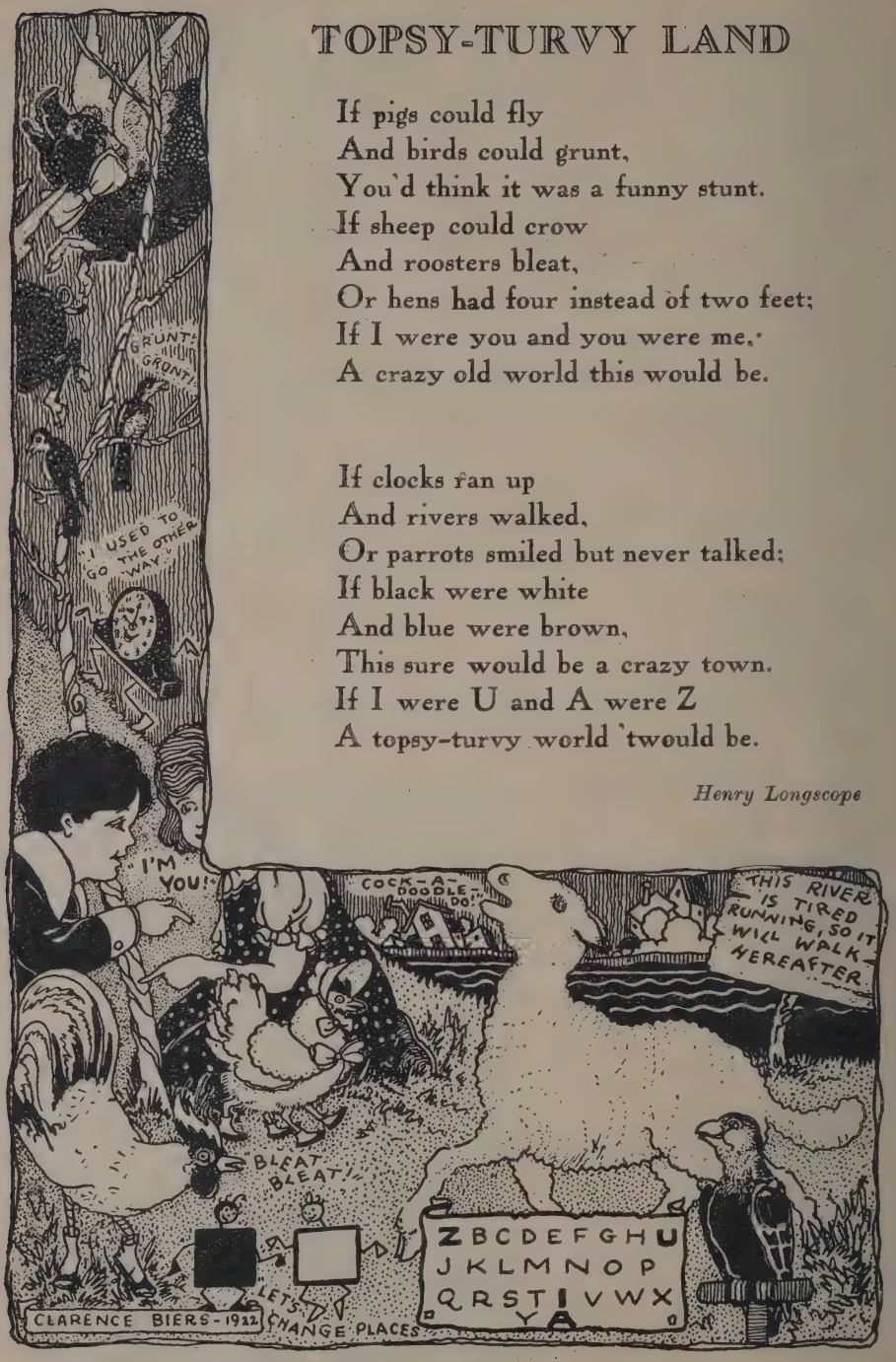
THEY TRIED TO SEE INTO THE DINING-ROOM

TOPSY-TURVY LAND

If pigs could fly
And birds could grunt,
You'd think it was a funny stunt.
If sheep could crow
And roosters bleat,
Or hens had four instead of two feet;
If I were you and you were me,
A crazy old world this would be.

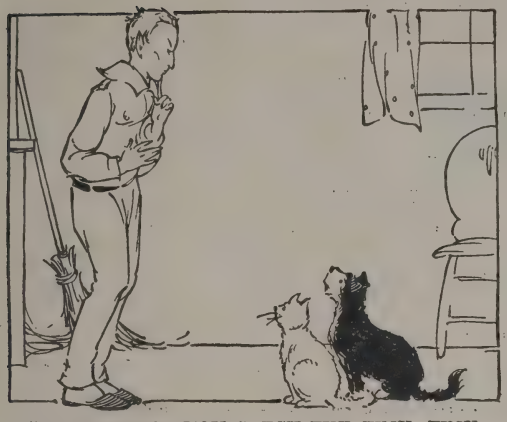
If clocks ran up
And rivers walked,
Or parrots smiled but never talked;
If black were white
And blue were brown,
This sure would be a crazy town.
If I were U and A were Z
A topsy-turvy world 'twould be.

Henry Longscope


GRUNT! GRUNT!
I USED TO GO THE OTHER WAY
"I'M YOU!"
COCK-A-DOODLE-DO!
THIS RIVER IS TIRED RUNNING, SO IT WILL WALK HEREAFTER
BLEAT BLEAT!
Z B C D E F G H U
J K L M N O P
Q R S T I V W X
Y A
LET'S CHANGE PLACES
CLARENCE BIERS-1922

THE TINY, TINY KITTEN AND THE TINY, TINY MOUSE

By Edith Oliver Perkins



"WILL ONE OF YOU CATCH THE TINY, TINY MOUSE THAT STEALS MY FOOD?"

THE tiny, tiny man looked at his tiny, tiny dog and his tiny, tiny kitten.

Then he said, "Will one of you catch the tiny, tiny mouse that steals my food every night?"

The tiny, tiny dog looked up, blinked its tiny, tiny eyes, then laid its head down on its tiny, tiny paws and went to sleep again. But the tiny, tiny kitten rubbed against the tiny, tiny man and began purring a kitten song.

And that night when the tiny, tiny man, and the tiny, tiny dog were fast asleep, downstairs the tiny, tiny kitten lay in the tiny, tiny corner by the tiny, tiny cupboard, still as still could be.

"Tick-tock, Tick-tock," said the tiny, tiny clock.

Out of a tiny, tiny hole shone two tiny, tiny eyes! Everything was still! Out came a tiny, tiny mouse! It ran across the floor. When it saw the tiny, tiny kitten it stopped and made a funny noise. It must have been laughing and saying to itself, "Ha! Ha! Ha! There's the lazy kitten fast asleep. I'll have another feast to-night."

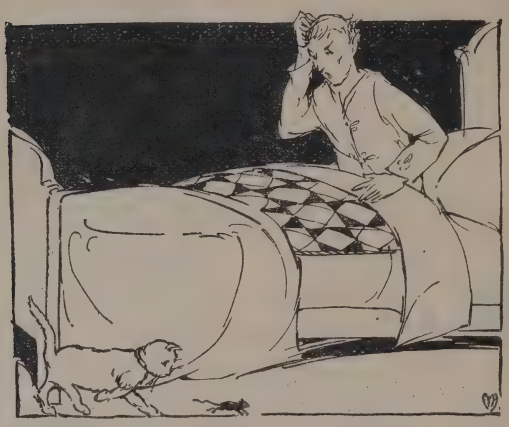
But the tiny, tiny mouse did not know that the tiny, tiny white kitten was sleeping with one tiny, tiny eye open. The tiny, tiny mouse went to go into the tiny, tiny cupboard. Then something happened! Pounce! The tiny, tiny kitten had the tiny mouse under her claws!

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" squealed, the tiny, tiny mouse, trying to get away, but the tiny, tiny kitten held fast.

Then the tiny, tiny kitten carried the tiny, tiny mouse up the tiny, tiny stairs to the tiny, tiny man's bed.

The kitten lay the mouse down. It never moved. The kitten took its paw off. "Meow! Meow!" it said.

The tiny, tiny man woke up and saw the tiny, tiny white kitten with the tiny, tiny mouse.



THE TINY, TINY MOUSE JUMPED UP

"Oh! Ho!" he cried, "you have caught—"

Then he stopped. His eyes grew big and round! For what do you think happened? All at once the tiny, tiny mouse jumped up! Quick as a wink and a blink it scampered away! It had just played being dead.

Poor tiny, tiny white kitten! It had been so proud to think it had caught the bad mouse for the tiny, tiny man. And the tiny, tiny mouse had got away!

The next night and the next, the tiny, tiny kitten watched for the tiny, tiny mouse. And then the next night it came stealing across the floor. Everything was still. There was not a sound, but the tiny, tiny clock.

Then—all at once—there was such a noise! Bang, went a tin pail! Such a noise you never heard!

The tiny, tiny man came running down the tiny, tiny stairs. "Oh! Oh! Oh!" he cried, "what has happened?"

Then the tiny, tiny man began to smile—such a big, big smile for his tiny, tiny face! For there was the tiny, tiny kitten with the tiny, tiny bad mouse.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" cried the tiny, tiny man happily, "you are the finest kitten there ever was!" And he gave the tiny, tiny kitten a saucer of cream.

And after that nothing ever stole the tiny, tiny man's flour or bread or cheese.

THE LONG SLIDE

By Elizabeth Clowry

THE boys and girls who live in a certain part of a small town in the country several miles from any village attend school in a little red school-house known as the Long Hill School. It has this name because it was built on the top of a very long, steep hill. Ever since any one can remember, the scholars of the Long Hill School have always had time to slide down the hill just *once* at recess in the winter and get back to the school house before the bell rings to call them back again into school. They can go down rapidly but it takes a long time to walk back.

One Monday morning Frank Lane came to school with a fine new sled. It was a double-runner, which his uncle, who owns a carriage factory in the city, had given him. He named his new sled the Simoon and almost had a fight with Tom Smith who said it was foolish to put such a name on a sled, but he kept on calling it the Simoon.

At recess that day Frank invited the whole school to go for a coast, so they all got on the sled and away they went down the steep hill. When recess was over Miss Black rang the bell but not a scholar appeared. Thinking that the children had stopped to play on their way back from the slide, Miss Black went to the door and rang the bell again. Not a scholar was in sight. She was greatly surprised; nothing like this had ever happened before. She waited and waited but no scholars came.

She stayed at school until it was time to dismiss and then she went over to John Reed's who lived nearest and whose son and daughter were among the missing scholars. Mr. Reed was frightened and immediately hitched up his horse to go in search. Just as he was driving out of the yard the children came in sight, far down the hill. It was almost dark before they got back to the school house.

Frank Lane, of course, had to explain the cause of their absence. At the foot of the hill, there was a road broken

through a field to a logging road which led to a stream. When they got to the foot of the hill, Frank steered the Simoon into the road through the field. The sled went easily over this road till it got to the logging road. This had been sprinkled with water and had been frozen hard the night before. When the Simoon struck this road, it kept going faster and faster and Frank could not stop it. When it reached the stream, it went faster yet and kept going until it had gone clean down to Rand's mill, which was three miles from the school-house.

"I didn't mean to run away with the whole school but I could not stop the sled," said Frank. "We came back as quickly as we could but the road was so slippery, and we had to haul the girls and some of the little boys, and so it took a long time.

Miss Black was very glad indeed to consider the whole matter an accident. She said she was very glad they had all come back safely and was especially proud of the way Frank had looked after the little boys and girls.

THE MAN IN THE MOON

This man in the moon that I hear about,
I wonder what his name is!
I wonder if he's thin or stout!
I wonder if I'll ever find out,
This man in the moon so famous.

THE CAT WHOSE WHISKERS SLIPPED

By Ruth Campbell

THERE were howls from the yard and the Little-Boy-with-the-Eton-Collar dashed into the house.

"Mother! I'm hurt—I fell—and I—ouch!"

"Poor little lad!" said his Mother." "But you are not very much hurt, are you?"

"Enough to hear a story," grinned the Little-Boy-with-the-Eton-Collar.

"You rascal!" laughed his Mother. "All right, I will tell you a story, not about a little boy whose foot slipped, but about

THE CAT WHOSE WHISKERS SLIPPED

Once upon a time there lived a Yellow-and-Black-Cat, who wore silky fur with lovely dark stripes running around it, and on the end of his face a set of bristling whiskers, which were his pride and joy. His tail was a pride and joy, too, because it was long and thick, and when he was angry at other and interfering cats, it grew astonishingly big around and switched ferociously, keeping time to his growls. His paws were paddy paws and a great help to him in catching mice when their backs were turned. His reputation in the neighborhood was good, which is more than can be said of some cats.

He lived by day in a nice big house where he had cream for breakfast, mush for lunch, and chopped meat for dinner. Night times he did not live anywhere in particular, but spent the darker hours trotting along fences and walls, yowling greetings to other cats he met.

In the same house with Yellow-and-Black-Cat lived Brown-

Dog. They were friendly up to a certain point, about their pillows, the comfortable chairs and their playthings. In fact they often chased the same rubber ball together, but they quarrelled over food plates, Brown-Dog pulling back his upper lip to show his teeth, and Yellow-and-Black-Cat swishing his tail in time to his growls.

The house where Yellow-and-Black-Cat lived was near Open Fields, and in Open Fields many Gophers made their homes.

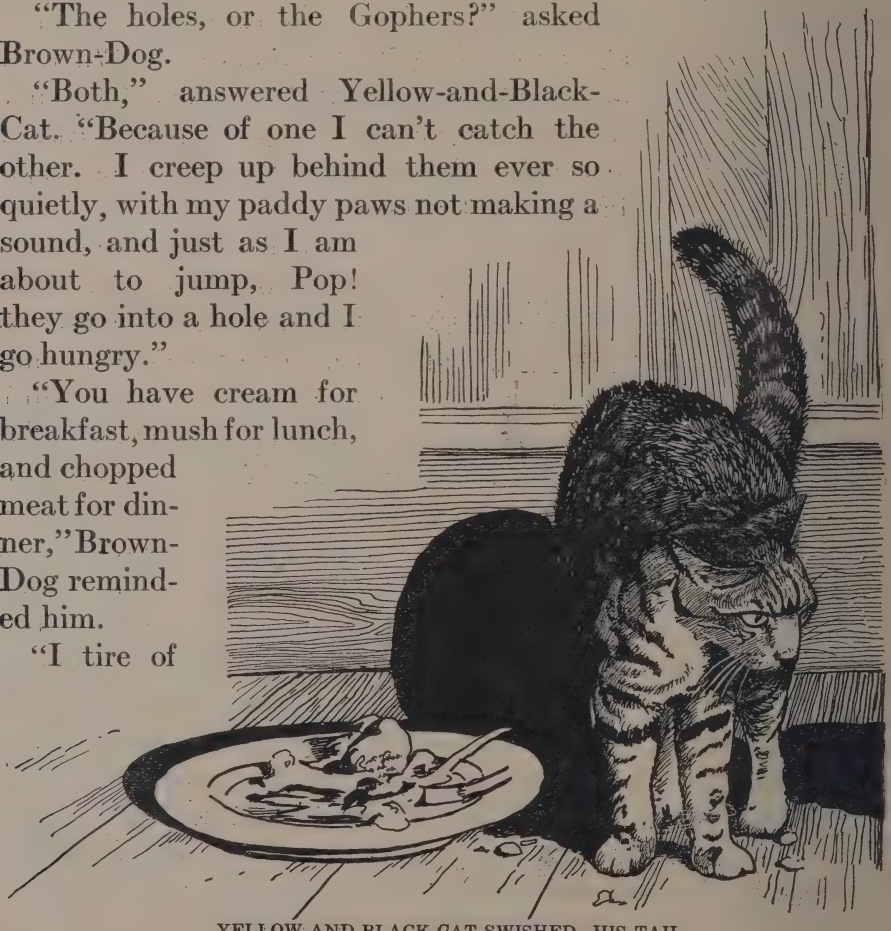
"Sneaky little things!" Yellow-and-Black-Cat said of them to Brown-Dog. "Sneaky little things with too many holes. I don't like them."

"The holes, or the Gophers?" asked Brown-Dog.

"Both," answered Yellow-and-Black-Cat. "Because of one I can't catch the other. I creep up behind them ever so quietly, with my paddy paws not making a sound, and just as I am about to jump, Pop! they go into a hole and I go hungry."

"You have cream for breakfast, mush for lunch, and chopped meat for dinner," Brown-Dog reminded him.

"I tire of



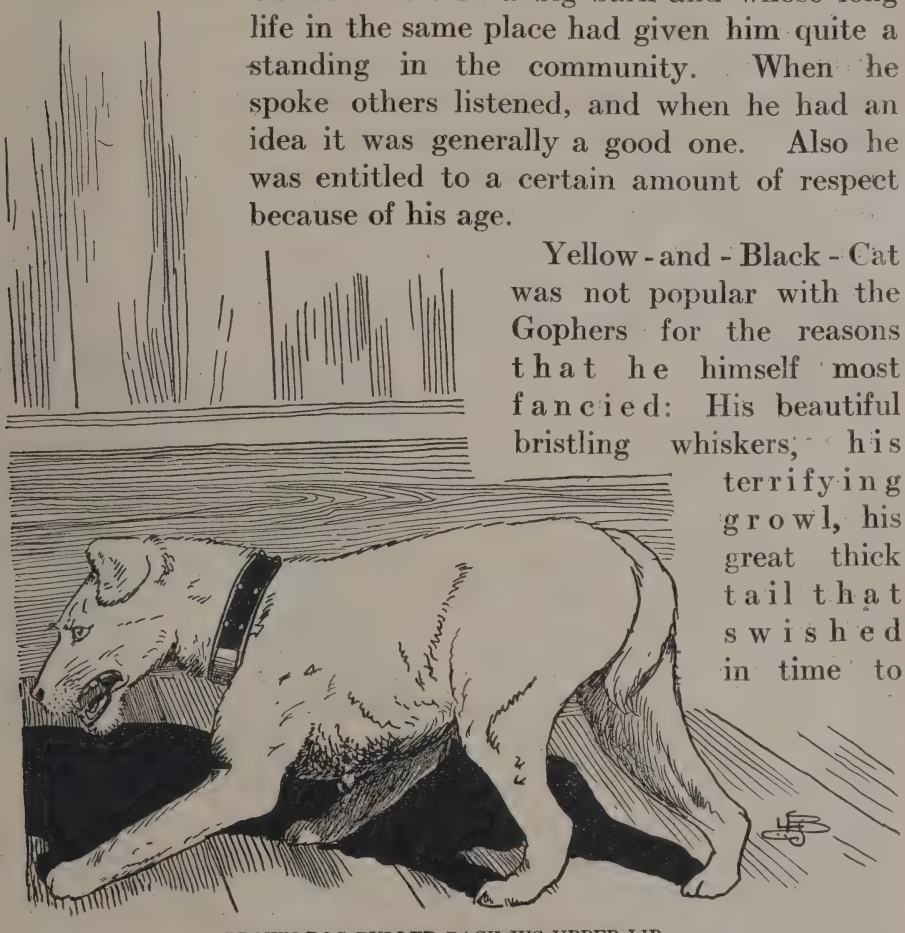
YELLOW-AND-BLACK-CAT SWISHED HIS TAIL

the same diet," complained Yellow-and-Black-Cat crossly.

Among the Gophers there was one large family, Mr. and Mrs. and ten little Gophers. Their hole was one of the largest and longest in Open Fields and they entertained a great deal. The other Gophers considered the happiest way to spend Sunday was to call on this particular family, and crowds used to collect there right after dinner to stay the afternoon and for late tea.

Of course there were other guests, too. The house cousins, Tan-and-Gray-Mice, and a family of White-Mice that lived the next block down but two, and Grandfather Rat, who owned a hole in a big barn and whose long life in the same place had given him quite a standing in the community. When he spoke others listened, and when he had an idea it was generally a good one. Also he was entitled to a certain amount of respect because of his age.

Yellow-and-Black-Cat was not popular with the Gophers for the reasons that he himself most fancied: His beautiful bristling whiskers, his terrifying growl, his great thick tail that swished in time to



BROWN-DOG PULLED BACK HIS UPPER LIP

"HE JAMMED HIS OLD FACE DOWN OUR HOLE"

his growls, and his love for a varying diet.

It was because of Yellow-and-Black-Cat that an unusually large number of Gophers had collected in the home of the Large Family, one Sunday afternoon. It was a rainy day and the hole was filled with visitors who had wiped their feet carefully on the grass before going down the front hall. The children who interrupted were sent away to the nursery to play while the grown-ups collected in the big living-room that Papa Gopher had dug out in the spring when he had added the sun parlor.

There they talked of Yellow-and-Black-Cat, who had been annoying them terribly by poking his nose down the front doors of their homes, and who had even gone so far as to carry off a well-to-do Uncle and one of their best babies.

"I HAVE AN IDEA"

"He has food at home," complained the relatives of the gone Uncle. "He does not need our families."

"He divides his attention between your families and ours," said one of the Tan-and-Gray-Mice. "It is as much as our lives are worth to search for things on the pantry shelves, or to run at night in the library where the candy dish is kept."

"Only yesterday, he jammed his old face down our hole," put in another Gopher. "And Mother, who is far from well, had a bad fright and has not been the same since."

Then Grandfather Rat put down his pipe and spoke.

"I have an idea," he said, and the others listened because it's bad manners not to. "There is no use writing Yellow-and-Black-Cat a letter, because he can't read and we can't write. But we must punish him in some way and this is how we will do it. We will send word to him by Brown-Dog, who is friendly with us all, that we are going to have a party here Thursday night at eight o'clock and that we do not want to be bothered. Then we will all come at six o'clock and be safe in the hole when Yellow-and-Black-Cat arrives, as he surely will."

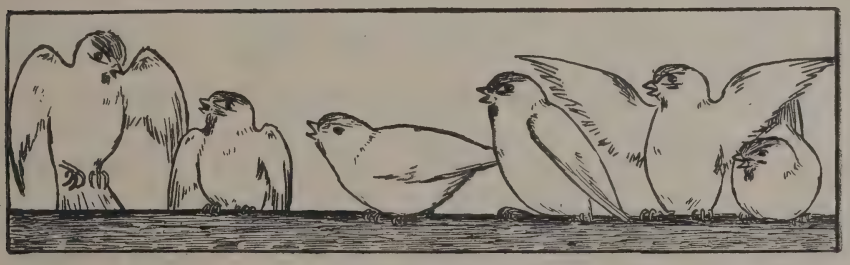
"I will come shortly after five," said a nephew of the gone Uncle.

Grandfather Rat scowled at the interruption and went on.

"Of course he will be here at eight, hoping to meet some of us on the way, but we will be hiding on the inside and when he rams his face down the front door, we will all bounce forth and grab his whiskers and pull them out. They won't grow in again, and all the rest of his life he will have to run around in his bare face, being ashamed to tell his friends how it happened, and missing his whiskers to help him find his way in the dark."

"Excellent!" cried the Gophers. And they all went away looking forward to Thursday.

(To be continued)



SPRING GREETINGS

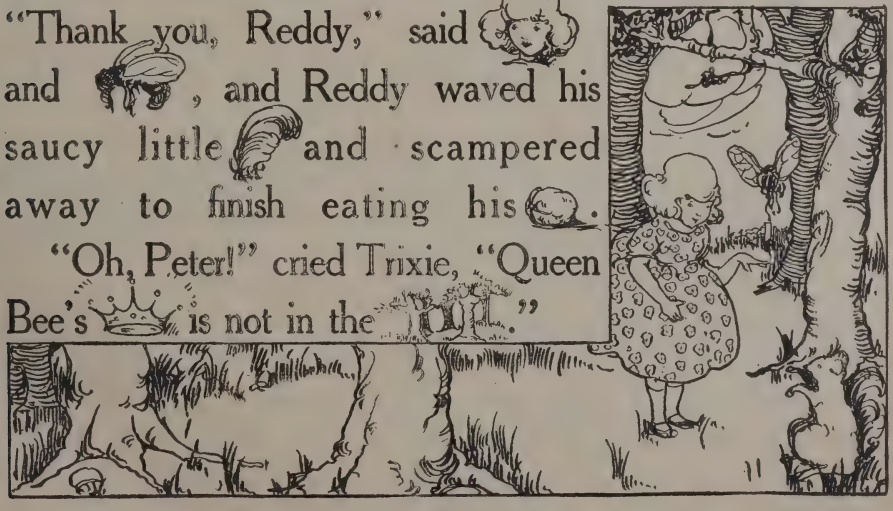
Queen Bee's Crown.

IV

AWAY went Trixie and Bobby over the stone and in the to the garden, and the first thing they saw was little Peter in his yellow and his purple . Peter had a of and a and a and a lunch , but he was not going to school--not he! He had laid the of and the and the and the down on the ground and he was whirling round and round like a . "O Peter! cried , "Why do you whirl around like a ?" "What do you think?" said . "I have studied my so hard and said all my lessons so well that Mr. has given me a holiday and I am going to play all the afternoon with Gray. And that is why I whirl around like a top." "Well, well," said ." "But, O Peter, Queen Bee has lost her . Have you seen it anywhere?" "Not I," said Peter. "But may be it is up in a . Vinnie Violet lost her green one day and found it in a . Maybe Mr. Robin could find Queen Bee's ." "Good,"

said Bobby. So away they went to Mr. Robin's and was not at home but there was little Reddy sitting close by with his beautiful curled over his back, eating a . "O Reddy," said , "will you look for Queen Bee's in the ?" "Of course I will," said , and away he flew up the tree like a flash of , and Peter was so excited that he flew right after ! But Peter could not climb. He hung by his from a . "I shall fall! I shall fall!" he cried. "Save me!" Then ran and held up her and down he came, plump, and she caught him and set him upon the ground all safe and away he ran to play with . But down came . "I have looked in all the ," he said, "and Queen Bee's is not there." "Thank you, Reddy," said and , and Reddy waved his saucy little and scampered away to finish eating his .

"Oh, Peter!" cried Trixie, "Queen Bee's is not in the ."



"Sitka"

by Allen Chaffee

Summer in Alaska

THE ice berg on which Sitka and his mother had their den was drifting further and further South.

It was but one of many bergs, and a small one, at that. Huge, mountainous looking islets of the blue-white ice swam all about them, sometimes bumping against one another with a roar. Sea birds screamed above their heads, and the sun glinted from the water merrily, days when it did not rain. Sitka felt that they were bound on a great adventure.

Sometimes the wee white bear watched the waves that broke in white foam against the floating bergs, and nowhere could he see anything but sea and sky. Again they floated close to shore, where steep granite cliffs jutted in long arms between the fiords—narrow inlets which the ice had cut.

In places, the cliffs were red with the cooled lava that had come pouring hot from some ancient volcano; and Mother White Bear would tell Sitka how, when the world was young, the mountain peaks that lined the shore had flamed and smoked and rumbled, and sent forth a fountain of fire and ashes, for that was the way new mountains were made. At such times Sitka's eyes would grow round with wonder.

"Will it happen again?" he asked uneasily.

"Sometimes it happens even now," his mother told him. "But it is nothing to be afraid of. We won't go near enough for that."

"But where does the fire come from that comes out of the mountain top?" he would ask.

"From away inside the earth. You know this earth was once all hot, hundreds and thousands and millions of years ago. But it has cooled till now you see all this ice and snow."

Their little berg soon began floating along a long water lane between the shore line and a row of small green islands. These islands had once been high hills, but the sea had risen so high that it had filled the valley like a river, and made islands of the hilltops. Now the only snow to be seen was what lay on the row of mountain peaks that followed the shore line.

A green forest covered all the land between, creeping down to the very water's edge. Birds sang in the trees of the little islands and lovely waterfalls poured over the cliffs of the shore. It was like paradise. Tall ferns and brilliant-hued flowers embroidered the bank of the little brooks, and in between the larger islands lay some that were just large enough to have one tree growing on them. Mother White Bear sniffed. They were so far South now that she could smell ripening blueberries in the woods. And Sitka was the happiest little bear in all Alaska.

Sometimes Mother Bear would swim across to the islands, towing Sitka, who clung to her tail, when he tried swimming. At such times they feasted on the clams and mussels and other shell-fish that she found along the rocky shores. They

ISLETS OF BLUE-WHITE ICE SWAM ALL ABOUND THEM

enjoyed the green things, too,—juicy meadow grasses that grew as tall as their heads, even in early summer, and lilies with roots like onions. The days were still growing longer and longer, till there were just a few hours of darkness, and all the rest of the night was daylight. For this was "the land of the midnight sun." In winter, on the other hand, Sitka's mother told him, it would be dark almost all day. That is the way it is, up there near the North Pole.

ALONG CAME A HUGE BROWN BEAR

Sometimes they swam to the mainland, where Mother White Bear would tramp along the beach till they came to a river. There always was one, just behind the falls that tumbled over the cliffs in rainbow-tinted spray. Along the river there was generally a bear path, beaten through the soft soil by the feet of hundreds of other bears, black and brown and gray, who fished every year along the bank. There Mother White Bear would catch salmon and leaping trout, and sometimes she found great piles of fish that had been washed ashore by the spring floods. These expeditions were always a bit of a risk for a polar bear, and Sitka's mother was conscious that their white coats no longer blended with their background of white ice that Mother Nature intended them to live on. Still, they could always return to their cave on the berg to sleep. It floated so slowly that they could ramble all day on shore, and still swim back to it when night came. For Mother White Bear could swim as fast as a motor-boat when she wanted to.

One thing she always avoided, and that was the settlements where the little brown men and white men lived. When they

passed a town, she would "lay low." For it was not of other animals she was afraid, so long as she was with Sitka to protect him, but of the little brown men.

She was, however, careful to keep out of the way of the huge brown bears that lived along the shore. One day they had smelled ripe blueberries, and she had led Sitka cautiously ashore for a taste of the fruit. It was boggy where they grew. The heavy rains had left the ground soaked with moisture, and they had to keep to the firm ground around the edge. Even then, sometimes, the cub would slip on a soft bit of moss and sink to his armpits in the oozy swamp or tundra, before his mother could yank him out by the scruff of his neck.

Here they felt the first mosquitoes Sitka had ever known. But they couldn't do much damage, through his thick fur, except around his face. By and by, along came a huge brown bear, a kadiak bear, larger than Mother White Bear. Sitka's mother promptly hid him in a thick clump of alders. But the kadiak never even looked in their direction. He was following his nose to the blueberry bog.

Now they had noticed how thick the mosquitoes were, out over the bog.

"SUPPOSE WE WATCH AND FIND OUT"

There were black clouds of them. Mosquitoes are worse in the short Alaska summer than anywhere else in the whole United States, because the ground is so wet and the sun so hot. The big brown bears and the little black bears that live in Southern Alaska always go to the mountains for the summer to get away from the mosquitoes, because on the cool,

windy mountainsides the horrid insects cannot live. But it is a great temptation to come down sometimes and go blueberrying, where the berries are thickest.

This old brown bear, Sitka's mother whispered to him, as they stood hiding in the alder thicket, was very likely on his way to the mountains for the two hot months, but first he was going to cross the bog. "And the mosquitoes will eat him alive."

Sitka wondered how such tiny insects could harm such a great, shaggy brute as the kadiak bear.

"Suppose we watch and find out," his mother said.

MOTHER WHITE BEAR CAUGHT SALMON AND LEAPING TROUT

TOMMY'S ANSWER

By Blanche Elizabeth Wade

The Teacher said, "Now Children, who
Can tell the capital of Maine?"
And Tommy raised his hand at once;
To him the answer was so plain,

"Well, Tommy, you may tell. Speak up
So all can hear!" Said Tom, "Ahem!
I know the capital of Maine—
The capital of Maine is M!"

THE STORY OF THE THREE BEARS

V.

There was a row of beds in the bed room. A great big bed, a middle-sized bed and a little wee bed. Goldilocks tried them all but she liked the little wee bed best. Here she cuddled down, drowsy and tired, and was soon fast asleep. A nice long nap she had but was roused at last by A GREAT BIG GROWL, a middle-sized growl, *and a tiny wee growl.*

(Look on page 239 for directions for making this picture)

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Probably some of Little Folks readers already know Padraic Colum's book, The Children of Odin. All of you ought to have a chance to enjoy his version of the Norse Sagas, for it tells the Northern Myths in a clear and easy style so that you will never forget the Norse Gods and Heroes. Willy Pogany's illustrations make the book still more fascinating. If you haven't the book, write The Macmillan Company, New York, to send you a copy. It really ought to be on the bookshelf of every child.

You really should make the acquaintance of the most famous liar in the world. It isn't right to tell lies, we all know, but

(*Continued on page 238*)

LITTLE FOLKS PICTURE BOOK

The Dragon's Teeth

From Hawthorne's version in Tanglewood Tales

III.

AND when the city was built and there was a home for each of the workmen. Cadmus arose one morning and took his way to the site where he planned to build a palace, followed by his five workmen.

And what do you think he saw?

What but the most magnificent palace that had ever been seen in the world. It had a splendid dome and a portico and carved pillars; it had grown out of the earth in almost as short a time as it had taken the dragon's teeth to sprout into armed men.

The five workmen gave a great shout, "long live King Cadmus!" they cried, "in his beautiful palace!"

(Continued on page 239)

THE MOST MAGNIFICENT PALACE THAT HAD EVER BEEN SEEN

Color the roofs, scarlet; the castle, yellow; the sky, blue; the ground, green; the dresses, violet; cape, scarlet; garlands, pink and violet.

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LITTLE FOLKS MAGAZINE, DEPT. C, SALEM, MASS.

CASTOR AND POLLUX WITH THEIR DOG, CANIS MINOR

THE SOCIETY OF STAR-GAZERS

By M. O. Osborne

ONE March evening Cousin Jimmie stood on the roof with Louis and Francis and Anna and pointed out to them a huge triangle in the southwest sky.

"Do you know the names of those bright stars?" he asked.

"The brightest is Sirius," cried Anna, "and it's in the Big Dog.

"And the second is Betelgeuse, in the shoulder of Orion," prompted Cousin Jimmie. "Who knows the third?"

"I don't!" cried all three at once.

"Well, it's Procyon (Pro-seon)," said Cousin Jimmie. It's name means 'Fore-runner of the dog.' The constellation of which it is part is called the Little Dog. It comes above the horizon before the Big Dog. Now the Big Dog seems to belong to Orion. Who owns the Little Dog?"

"Tell us, Cousin Jimmie!" exclaimed Louis.

"Why, the Twins, Castor and Pollux. See them just ahead of Procyon? Their heads are two bright stars. Pollux is brighter and is nearer to Procyon,"

"Who were Castor and Pollux?" asked Francis.

"According to the Greek story, their father was Jupiter and their mother Leda. They had a very beautiful sister, Helen of Troy, and they took part in the Trojan War, when Paris, a Trojan Prince stole their sister away from the Greek King Menelaus. There are many tales of their bravery. They were with the heroes who went with Jason for the the Golden Fleece."

"Oh, I have read that story in Hawthorne's Wonder Book!" cried Anna. "I wish you'd come in and read it to us. It's cold out here in the wind!"

"All right!" laughed Cousin Jimmie. "But it will soon be getting warmer. When the Twins are high overhead in the early evening and Orion is low in the west, Spring is surely on her way!"

When Children Cough Use Musterole

When you are wakened in the dead of night by that warning, croupy cough, get up and get the jar of Musterole.

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SOMETHING TO GUESS

1. How many peas are there in a pint?
2. Why is a star like an old barn?
3. Why is the figure 9 like a peacock?
4. Why does a horse never pay toll?
5. What bat flies without wings?
6. Why is a tramp like white flannel?
7. How many insects does it take to make a landlord?
8. Why is a college student like a thermometer?
9. What is the difference between a sentence and a cat?
10. Why are seeds like gate posts?
11. How do you know when night is nigh?
12. How does the sun do when it sets?

ANSWERS

1. One P.
2. R-A-T-S are found in both.
3. Because it is nothing (0) without a tail.
4. Because his master pays it for him.
5. A brickbat.
6. Because he shrinks from washing.
7. Ten-ants (tenants).
8. Because he is graduated and marked by degrees.
9. One has its pause at the end of its clause and the other its claws at the end of its paws
10. Because they prop-a-gate.
11. When the t (tea) is taken away.
12. Makes a night of it.

Something to Please Mother

What is Mother's favorite perfume? Perhaps she doesn't know, At any rate, we will send you a test set, just to see whether she really does know, or not. There are three cunning bottles of three most delightful perfumes. Just send us your address and two 2c stamps (4c) and we'll mail you the test set with directions, and a delightful booklet on "Fragrance." Address: Fragrance, care of Little Folks Magazine, Salem, Mass.

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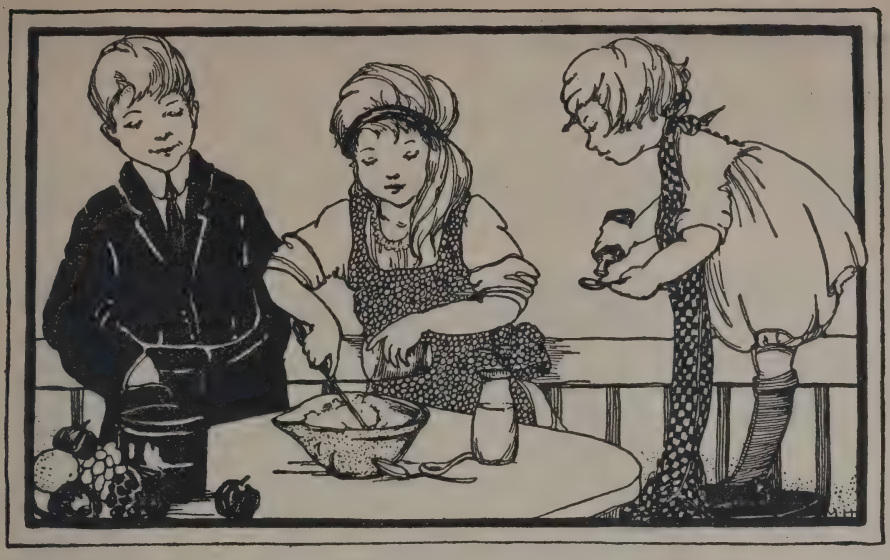


PLAYROOM COOKS

PLANS FOR ST. PATRICK'S DAY

THE Playroom Cooks had such a good time cooking for their Valentine Tea that Jane asked Mother if they might prepare a luncheon for St. Patrick's Day. Mother looked rather doubtful.

"A luncheon sounds like a pretty large affair for you three children," she said.

"Oh, just a little party, Mother dear!" begged Jane. "Mostly dessert, you know!"

So it happened that when Cousin Roger dropped in, on the morning of St. Patrick's Day, which came on a Saturday, he found Jane and Ruth very busy in the kitchen.

Jane was mixing Brownies by this rule:

One-third cup of butter
One-third cup of powdered sugar
One-third cup of molasses
One egg, well beaten
Seven-eighths cup of chopped pecans

"When I've mixed these things, I shall bake them in these cunning little clover leaf tins," said Jane. "They look like real Shamrock and I've bought a little Shamrock plant so as to have a leaf to put in the middle of each cake.

"How's the oven?" asked Roger, with a wink at Bridget.

"It's moderate, just as it should be," answered Jane.

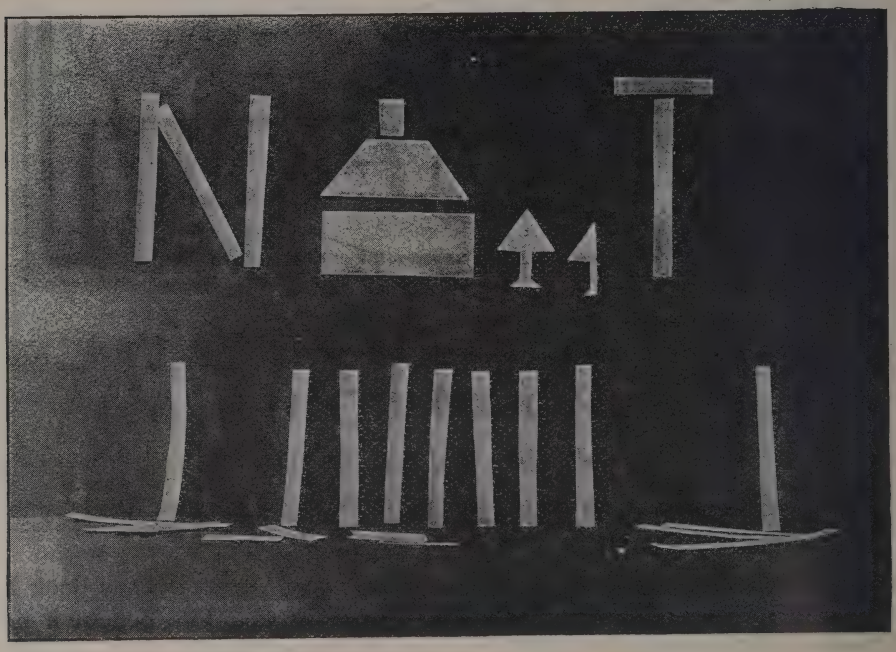
"And see what I'm doing," said Ruth, as she poured a beautiful green liquid into little custard cups, "It's mint jelly, made with Jiffy-jell. You just add boiling water, and the flavor when it's cool, and then set away to harden. There'll be whipped cream to serve round each little mound when I turn it out of the cups."

"They'll be sure to bust," said Roger.

"Oh, no, for I shall dip the cups into hot water for half a minute, and then they'll slip out whole," Ruth explained.

"Pretty easy!" agreed Cousin Roger. "I don't see how I can make myself useful at all—until it comes to the eating!"

SOMETHING TO MAKE



CUT PAPER INTO STRIPS, SQUARES, OBLONGS AND CIRCLES

A SCISSOR GAME YOU CAN MAKE

By Patten Beard

SOMEBODY, when you and your friends want some fun, try to make a scissor game. It is made by cutting heavy white paper into strips, and oblongs, squares and circles. Take your scissors—all of you. Begin! Make about twenty long strips three inches long and a half inch wide, twenty circles, ten oblongs, ten squares, twenty triangles —ten small and ten large. Lay these in the middle of the table.

Now the game is played in turn. The one who begins must shut his eyes tight and draw from the centre pile where everything is well mixed. He must take the first thing that he touches with his fingers. He lays this before him and tries to make an outline of something with it, building with his other strips and squares as he gets them,

No fair peeking!

Houses may be made, alphabet letters and all sorts of things—only the outline must be very clear and everybody who is playing must agree that it is a true outline. The squares, circles, oblongs, strips, may be used in any way you choose so long as they are not bent. The first one to make a good outline wins the game. Then it starts again all fresh!

SOMETHING FOR PARENTS AND TEACHERS

EVERY DAY IN EVERY WAY

By Angelo Patri

Author of "A Schoolmaster in the Great City"; Principal Public School 45, The Bronx

ROSAMOND was crying and Henry was scowling and plucking at the fringe on the window shade. Their mother looked from one to the other of them and said:

"Well, what do you care? Suppose they didn't invite you to the party? You can give a party of your own and you needn't invite them. Your father has more money than they begin to have."

"Oh, it isn't that," sobbed Rosamond. "They don't care for our money and they despise us. What's the use of having a party? Nobody would come—nobody that we wanted."

"I wouldn't want people who didn't want me," stubbornly declared their mother. "I'd have a good time by myself."

But in her heart she was greatly troubled. The people who were giving the party were *the* people as far as her children were concerned. And they had invited many, many young people and left hers out. To be sure, these people had very little money, but they had something that was evidently much more important to her children. She wondered what it was and how she could get it for the children.

When the party list was under consideration Rosamond's name called a halt to the pencil, suspended it, carried it doubtfully to the lady's lips, and finally caused her to call out:

"Carolyn, dear, what about the Rosamond girl? Do you think we should have her?"

"Oh, I don't know, mother. She's nice enough outside, but you know she doesn't seem to know how to behave in the company of other girls and boys. She doesn't know how to—to—oh, I can't express it! I don't want to be a snob, but she doesn't even understand table manners. She doesn't know how to use a knife, or a spoon, and she talks to the servants at wrong times and makes such embarrasing mistakes.

"I don't know, really. I thought it might be kinder to leave her out than to have her, because she would feel so out of place. Yet she is such a nice child! I feel sorry."

So Rosamond was closed out of the little circle she wanted to enter because she had not the manner necessary to her living there. And that was because her mother thought that there was no use of going to all of the trouble of setting the table and serving food formally. "Just for the family; why take the trouble?"

It should not be trouble. It should be a matter of course to serve the dinner with all the beauty and dignity of service possible. If children are trained from their babyhood up to handle beautiful things, to sit at a table that is considered a family rite rather than a food counter, they will have the knowledge and the manner that will carry them wherever they wished to go.

Good breeding is not a day's growth. It is instilled every day in every way of living. Don't complain of snobbishness; don't call people undemocratic and un-American because they will not tolerate people who are uncouth and ill-bred at their table.

Good breeding is a matter of self-discipline and takes on a higher significance than public surface manners. It is worth while obtaining for the children even at the cost of a little personal effort.

(Copyright, 1922, by Angelo Patri.)

Asthma

Vapo-Cresolene makes a strong appeal to those afflicted with Asthma, because the little lamp, used at night, is at work vaporizing the soothing remedy while the patient sleeps, and the difficult breathing is quickly relieved. A patient calls it a boon to sufferers from Asthma.

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Montreal, Canada

A year's subscription to LITTLE FOLKS will be given to any one who secures two new subscribers to the magazine.

If you have never tried to get up a club of two subscribers you do not know how easy it is to do so. Think of some friends who have children from five to eight and try it this afternoon.

S. E. CASSINO, Publisher,
Salem, Mass.

LITTLE FOLKS' BOOKCASE

(*Continued from page 320*)

Baron Munchausen thought it very clever, and he certainly could tell some awful "whoppers." They were such very big lies that they made him famous, and they make delightfully ridiculous stories. The baron used a lot of imagination and did his very best to make his wonderful adventures more entertaining than they could possibly have been if he had told the truth about them. John Martin has retold for you some of the Baron's most famous lies and put them into a charming book with colored pictures, calling it "The Children's Munchausen." It will entertain you, and at the same time show you how foolish people are to tell lies. The publishers are Houghton, Mifflin Company of Boston.

The Widdle Waddle books by Dolores McKenna are delightful stories for little children. They are little books with many colored illustrations. Nothing more charming has appeared for little tots since the Beatrix Potter books. Mr. Widdle Waddle comes to earth by the Moonbeam Special and immediately makes the acquaintance of many interesting little people. The colored pictures by Ruth H. Bennett are so plentiful that they tell the story to children too young to read to themselves. The Penn Publishing Co., Philadelphia, Pa., will supply these at seventy-five cents each.

ANNOUNCEMENT

of the prize winners in the Little Folks Puzzle Contest, published in May and June issues of Little Folks, has been delayed by the fact that Little Folks moved during the fall, and the publishers have resumed the printing of the magazine in their own plant instead of having it printed for them.

We are pleased to announce the following prize winners:

FIRST PRIZE: Catherine Andrews, Barnsdall, Okla.
SECOND PRIZE: Antoinette Bruce, Exeter, N. H.
THIRD PRIZE: Billy Parmelee, Chappaqua, N. Y.
FOURTH PRIZE: Amy Hadley, Syracuse, N. Y.
FIFTH PRIZE: Mrs. J. H. Barns, Moberly, Mo.
SIXTH PRIZE: Mrs. H. T. Stewart, Oklahoma City, Okla.
SEVENTH PRIZE: Miss Florella Kelley, Marathon, Iowa.
EIGHTH PRIZE: Roxane Eberlein, Scotch Plains. N. J.
NINTH PRIZE: Randolph Reynolds. Anniston, Ala.
TENTH PRIZE: Dorothy J. Cramton, Oconomowoc. Wisc.

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Edeson Phone Co., 6 Beach St., Dept 45 Boston Mass.

THE DRAGON'S TEETH

(*Continued from page 231*)

Cadmus with his five followers ascended the steps of the marble palace, and halting at the entrance gazed through a long vista of lofty pillars. At the farther end of the hall, Cadmus beheld a beautiful young woman, approaching. She wore royal robes and a crown of diamonds on her golden ringlets. At first he thought this was his lost sister, Europa, grown to womanhood.

"No, Cadmus," said the voice that had spoken to him in the field of armed men, "This is Harmonia, a daughter of the Gods, who is given you instead of sister and brothers and friends and mother."

So Cadmus dwelt in the palace with his new found friend Harmonia, and found a great deal of comfort in his magnificent abode, but would doubtless have found as much, if not more, in the humblest cottage by the wayside.

Before many years went by there was a group of rosy little children sporting in the great hall and running joyfully to meet King Cadmus.

The five old soldiers grew very fond of these children, but King Cadmus, lest there should be too much of the dragon's tooth in his children's disposition, used to find time to teach them their A B C—which he invented for their benefit, and for which many little people, I am afraid, are not half as grateful to him as they ought to be.

The Story of the Three Bears

By L. J. Bridgman

Directions for making the Picture

(*See page 229*)

First make a tracing of the whole picture on white paper. Cut out of this the parts which are to be white. Select papers of the tints you choose for the other parts. The tracing can be fastened to these tints with pins or paper clips and be used as a pattern. In many cases—a sky for instance—a tint may cover a wide space and the other objects—trees, for instance—may be pasted over this tint. The finer markings may be added with pen or pencil. The backing should be larger than the picture and of reasonably thick cardboard. There will be twelve pictures.

Mothers Who Read Little Folks

The editor would appreciate short notes from you, telling her what you think of *Little Folks*. Your letters will assist her and the publishers in making improvements they have in mind for *Little Folks*. A word of appreciation will encourage those who are trying to serve you and help to make your home happy. Any suggestions of material you would like in *Little Folks* will be equally appreciated.

READ *THE GREAT FAMILY WEEKLY THAT DISCOVERED "POLLYANNA"*

CHRISTIAN HERALD

Editor, Dr. Chas. M. Sheldon, Author of "In His Steps"

The weekly family paper that should be in every Christian home! Enjoy the clean, fascinating stories, timely articles, stirring sermons (famous ever since T. DeWitt Talmage was editor), weekly review of world news and wonderful realistic Travel Stories. The sort of reading you can place before your children.

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Christian Herald (52 issues).... $2.00
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BOTH with Modern Priscilla.....3 for $4.10
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BOTH with Woman's Home Companion...3 for $4.50
BOTH with Youth's Companion.....3 for $5.00

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Their Clothes Are Made in the Very Latest French Styles of the Loveliest Colors.

Patty and Paul, Bob and Betty will be mailed for twenty-five cents (25 cents), or one set for fifteen cents (15 cents).

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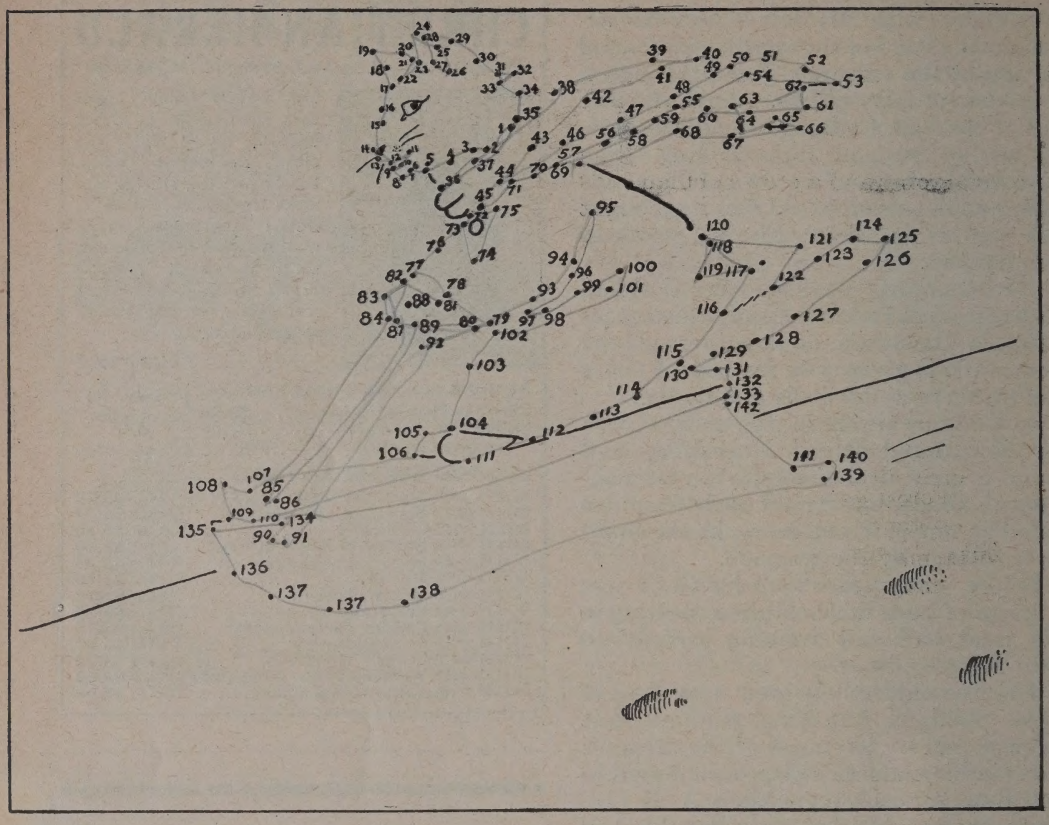

PLEASE WRITE

Margaret Law, 200 Hampton Ave., Spartanburg, S. C., would like a correspondent in some other state. She is eleven years old.

Cecelia Eberts, 43 S. Skidmore St., Columbus, Ohio, would like to hear from some little seven year old girl.

Sarah Eloise Harrison, 107 Dakota Ave., Columbus, Ohio, would like to hear from a twelve year old girl whose birthday is on July 15th, or who lives in Washington, D. C.

Velda McCune, County Line, Ia., would like to hear from some little reader in Colo., Ariz.

Charlotte Busher, aged thirteen, would like to correspond with a boy or girl whose birthday is on or near February 25th. Her address is "Wellesley," Naini Tal, India.

Grace Ranson, R.F.D. Route 2, Mayblow, Ark., would like to hear from any nine or ten year old girl in Dallas, Texas

Mary Shipley, R.R.5, Winchester, Ill., would like to hear from a ten year old girl in some other state.

Frances Dean, Berea, Ky., would like to hear from a little girl in Ohio, or Indiana, who is about ten or eleven years old.

Helen Stickney, 47 Salisbury Rd., Brookline, Mass., would like to hear from a little girl or boy about eleven years old who lives in England or some other country of the old world.

Helen Shaw, 16 Everett St., Arlington, Mass., would like to hear from a boy or girl who lives in Florida.

Jane Thayer, 328 Euclid Ave., Beloit, Wis., would like to hear from boys and girls in the western states.

Gayle Pettus, 617 Hickory St., Arkadelphia, Ark., would like a little girl about nine or ten years old to write to her.

SEE HOW EASY IT IS

MY DOLLY and I planned a secret
Oh, my, but it's rosy and sweet,
A valentine made in the newest of ways,
Besides, it's delicious to eat.
Cook lent me a mould from the kitchen
That's made in the shape of a heart,
To fill it with something that every one loves
I found was the easiest part.
For on a new package of JELL-O
Cook poured with the greatest of care
The proper amount of hot water, and that's
All the work that it took to prepare.
And then when we came to the table
The eve of St. Valentine's Day,
I said that, by way of a little surprise,
My heart I was giving away.
Astonishment sat on each eyebrow
At what I was soon to commit,
But when they found out 'twas a JELL-O made heart,
They ate it up, every bit.

YOURS FOR THE ASKING

THERE are six pure fruit flavors of JELL-O: Strawberry, Raspberry, Lemon, Orange, Cherry, Chocolate. The new JELL-O Book, just out, is more beautiful and complete than any other issued. It will be sent free, but be sure your name and address are plainly written.

"AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS DESSERT"

JELL-O

The Genesee Pure Food Company
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and Bridgeburg, Ont.

Reprinted by permission of John Martin's Book, the Child's Magazine

"I've washed my dolly's dresses,
And still, mama, you'll see,
They're yellow as her tresses,
What can the matter be?"

"Just put a drop or two —
Of Sawyer's Crystal Blue
Into the rinsing water,
'Twill whiten them, my daughter."

SAWYER'S CRYSTAL BLUE

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